

# caucus and cloture

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# the Spielberg grin

why it must have been you  
he was aiming at when he  
pissed in all the beer  
by the look of him and  
drank it all for spite

# chop chop suey

we have no mystery of that  
and certainly no history  
it is only very fast  
and perhaps regrettable although  
ever so delectable

# proclamation

nailed to the wall  
like any religious grifter  
the word unto us all  
writ large and then gone poof  
because she was a poofter

# the magnificence of the climate

the zone is replicated

here and there intemperately

the Auld Sod and the Serengeti

but the community that is gated

has its weather consummated

# the swindle

in truth they will tell you now

mind the onion boy

its endless peeling full of subtleties

doesn't get you anywhere

but mimes the feeling

# time is money

you can't count it on these hands  
of yours so rustic in the ways  
but gaze in all this mystic haze  
upon the centuries in a minute  
the fabulous wealth in a quart d'heure

# rebellion

it is frankly the worst season  
the breadbasket of the nation is reduced  
to an aching solar plexus  
that variegates the wonted cloud  
as a whale or what it pleases

# auric acreage

there's a small hotel  
with a padded cell or two  
where they put the old goo-goo  
for a handsome sum of money  
and they call it Pooh's Land o' Hunny

# turnaround

intelligence quotient is a mere  
20 'cause it's through his rear  
he sucks his thumb poor dear  
a trifle backward shall we say  
how he functions t'other way

# the voice of authority

you have heard it booming  
from the center of the earth  
and taken it at its worth  
there in the dark caverns looming  
bat shrieks swell to make this mirth

flagrant

these are the Tommies of office  
who live in the mud and creep  
through gutters to peep  
at their constituencies across  
the no man's land of loss

# to Shirley Temple

at a goldbricking station  
in the euphoria of world war  
the tap-dancing idol  
and later the minx  
where in Europe one thinks

# bluegrass

a horse if one lives  
to cross the finishing line  
gives the rationale  
it isn't horseflesh one savors  
but horsemeat after all

gait

one much another young  
and therefore in all likelihood  
to go on another ten years past  
or twenty thirty half a century  
sure at length to be a muchness

# gallon hatter

here is a species of what  
do you call this anyway  
here the rope and there the steer  
as I can understand it  
that's a rodeo all day

# waves

the waves of time

you are already so subscribed

whatever the fad was

you were only one on it

surfing merrily

always the ocean and the shore

# history

the macadam roadway  
went out with Roman spectacles  
now they cover dirt with tar  
and collect feathers against  
the night of need

# hospital

slouching against Babylon  
what was it the Irishman said  
too drunk in a standing bar  
to recollect gie us a drink  
you say what next says you

pray you mater

what rubbish you luggage

the roundabout gits

not an ounce of leverage

to move a stone a pebble

and the world lies there

# a freak of nature

I have seen the best minds  
of several generations conceive  
Allen Ginsberg as a poet  
to be contended with  
well not the best minds

# stalwarts

sure clean the house

drive the devil out at door

then quiet as a mouse

watch him come back evermore

sevenfold the dirty louse

# fortress

well the gangbang requires a mighty big area  
to work with beams and lath and plaster  
by the carload brought in special  
and to cover all the noise the loudest décor  
you have ever seen erected in Christendom

# entertainments

a quiet row succinctly handled  
at the siphon stand down the street  
and for something awfully sweet  
hot cross buns faintly warmed over  
and these are the oases after all  
amongst the desertdwellers' cubbyholes